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*"I will take the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord."—Ps. cxvi. 13.*

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# Hymns on the Holy Communion

BY

ADA CAMBRIDGE

AUTHOR OF "HYMNS ON THE LITANY."

WITH A PREFACE BY THE

REV. ROBERT H. BAYNES, M.A.

"He brought me to the Banqueting House,  
And His Banner over me was Love."

LONDON  
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT

65, PATERNOSTER ROW

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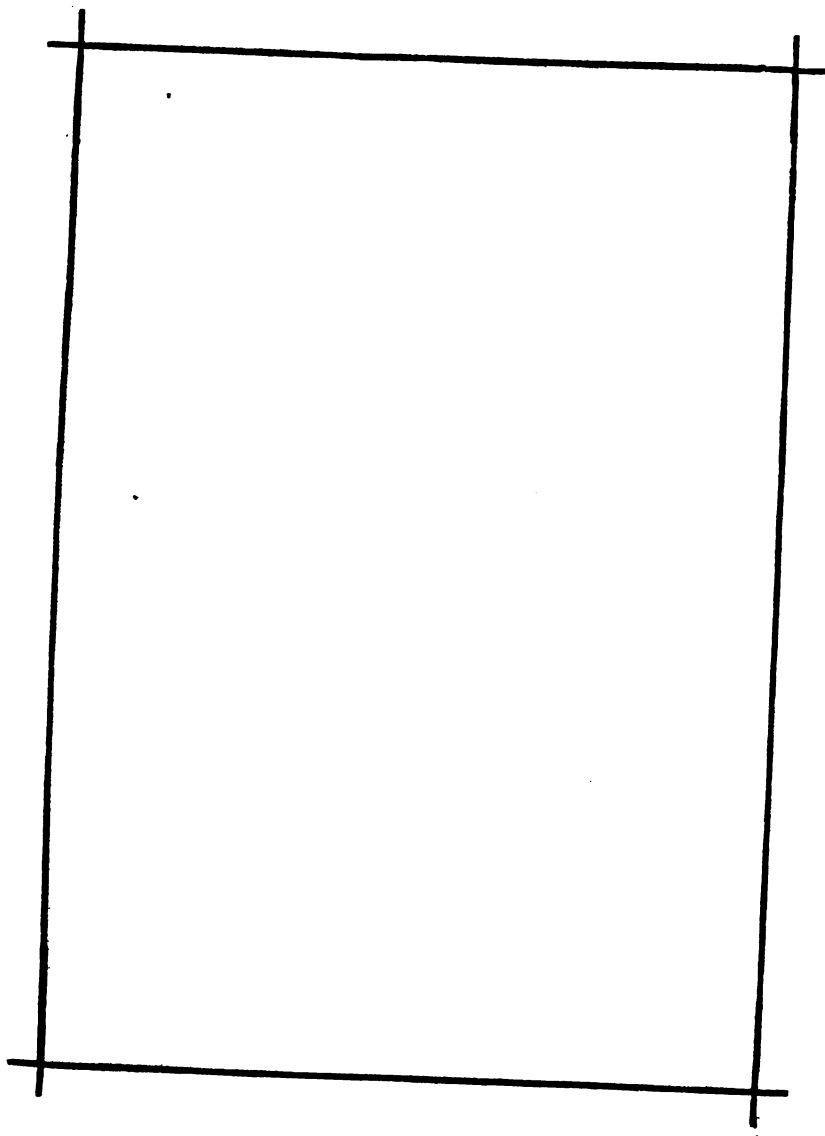
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A THANK-OFFERING  
FOR  
RESTORED LIFE AND HEALTH  
AFTER A TIME OF  
PAINFUL AND DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

"Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."





## P R E F A C E.

ONE of the very chiefest signs of that awakened life which God, of His great mercy, has poured into His Church in England, is the different estimate now taken in regard to the Holy Communion.

Many of the members of the Church can remember the time when this Sacrament of Life and of Love was either habitually neglected, or considered to be the special privilege of those who had attained to some deeper degree of spiritual experience, and when, as an almost necessary consequence, the celebration of this Holy Ordinance occurred at rare intervals in the Christian year. In later days we have been learning the truer, because the more Scriptural view, that our Divine Lord ordained this Feast of Benediction, not only for the more advanced, but also for the very weakest of His flock, as a means of refreshing and of comfort.

Surrounded as we are on every hand by dangers and temptations, with hearts often cold and wayward, with strong affections cleaving far too constantly to the dust of earth, we need every aid that God has given to help us on our way. And without doubt, the Holy Communion is the special means of the soul's strength. In It, to use the earnest language of our Service, "we spiritually eat the Flesh of Christ, and drink His Blood; we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us; we are one with Christ, and Christ with us."

Other means of grace have their own peculiar gift of blessing, but each one prepares the devout heart for this, the highest of them all. Private Prayer, in which the soul of the contrite pours forth its deep desires to God in the aloneness of its own separate life,—Public and common Prayer, when the gathered company of Christ's people plead His own promise, and with one voice and heart send up their supplicating cry to the Throne of the Heavenly grace,—the Word of the living Lord,

whether read at home or proclaimed by the appointed Ministry, revealing to us the whole message of Salvation;—all these are vouchsafed gifts of grace, and are all designed to bring us nearer to our God. But in the Holy Eucharist there is a fuller, truer, more ineffable communion with the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ the Righteous. There we feed on the living Bread that came down from Heaven. There, by faith, we behold Christ, our Passover, sacrificed for us. There the weak and burdened spirit finds pardon and rest, and hears the “comfortable words” spoken to the inmost heart by the Voice of the great Absolver Himself.

It is a Feast; for we feed on Jesus in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving: a Feast of solemn Commemoration. The simple Elements, the Bread and Wine, take us back in thought along the ages to the upper Chamber in Jerusalem. That same night in which He was betrayed, with its full Chalice of uttermost sorrow, and the Baptism of Blood amid

the shadows of Gethsemane, frowns forth full before our gaze ; and we remember that it was on that dark night that He, in tenderest compassion to the Church He was so soon to purchase with His own Blood, bade us keep the Feast. Here, like the Virgin Mother, we may stand beneath the Cross, and while with hushed and adoring souls we look on Him, the mighty Sacrifice, we well may cry,—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.  
Let the Water and the Blood  
From Thy wounded Side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.”

It is a Feast of Life. Our Lord's own words on this point are too plain to be misunderstood: “Verily I say unto you, Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of man, and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For My Flesh

is Meat indeed, and My Blood is Drink indeed." In the light of such solemn utterances as these, how can we account for the easy and complacent way in which, year after year, the majority in our congregations turn their backs without a misgiving upon that Table prepared for them in the wilderness, to which the Lord Himself in His great love has invited them?

It is a Feast of Anticipation. Over every Communion Table might the text be inscribed, "As often as ye eat this Bread and drink this Cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death till He come." For that glad coming the whole Church waits and prays. They who are gone from amongst us, whose course is ended, and who rest in the Paradise of His perfected, and we who remain amid the hard conflict and the abounding sorrows and temptations of the life below, all join in one united voice of deepening supplication,—“Lord Jesus, come quickly.” Then all these Signs and Sacraments shall



be no longer needed, for in the unveiled vision, and amid the Resurrection glory, we shall see Him as He is, and, awaking up in His likeness, shall be satisfied for ever.

Surely, if such thoughts as these in regard to the Holy Communion were more habitually present with us, our own attendance at It would be more regular, and our own preparation for It more earnest, searching, and devout. It is Christ's own Feast of Love and Strength for all His followers. If only thoroughly in earnest, we are not to busy ourselves with questions, or even doubts and fears, as to our fitness for receiving so great a mystery. "Arise! He calleth thee," is the exhortation addressed to us; and because He calls, with thankful, loving, and adoring souls should we gladly come.

Nor let any one imagine that a frequent attendance at the Holy Table in any, the least, degree detracts from the solemn reverence we should always feel in thus partaking spiritually

of the Body and Blood of our Master and only Saviour Jesus Christ. All true experience is entirely opposed to such a mistaken theory as this. It is the constant and frequent communicant who receives the largest measure of blessing. To him the Lord manifests Himself in ways the world knows not of, teaching him the lessons, so hard to learn, of a simple obedience, an undoubting faith, an all-embracing charity, and making him strong for the appointed work and warfare of his daily life.

Now whatever may tend to help the devout communicant to enter more fully into the depth and meaning of our Service, or enable him to fix his thoughts more entirely on the solemn Office in which he is engaged, may well be received with a glad and thankful heart; and I venture to believe that the Hymns found in the present Book will prove such a help. They are especially designed to be used in the successive pauses in our Communion Service. In any congregation where

there is a large number of communicants, there must be of necessity, either before or after communicating, a space for private thought and prayer. These Hymns at such seasons may be read with exceeding profit. Many of them seem to me to have caught the very spirit of the Service itself, and to express, in language at once glowing and devout, the soul's deeper aspirations before the Cross of our only Lord. They were all submitted to me before passing through the press; and because I doubt not that they will find a true response in many a faithful and loving heart, I venture strongly to commend them to the blessing of the Lord Himself, and to the thoughtful use of the earnest members of His body, the Church.

R. H. B.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, 1865.

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## Hymns on the Holy Communion.

### *THE LORD'S PRAYER.*

"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name."



HE breath of organ notes  
Through the dim arches of yon solemn  
nave,  
Like some sweet echo of the bright sea-  
wave,  
In grandest music floats.

Ebbing and falling now,  
Just as the breaker dies upon the shore,  
When the proud head goes down for evermore  
With its grand crest of snow.

And in the hush sublime  
Our heads are bent ; while, with imploring hands,  
The white-robed priest beside the Altar stands  
In that all-hallowed time.

And we no more can see  
The shade of crimson velvet, the rich stream  
Of rainbow-blended colours, nor the gleam  
Of gold embroidery ;

The sunbeams shining down—  
Drifting, like bright-winged angels, to and fro,  
And on the marble weaving, as they go,  
Many a jewelled crown :

No ; nor the Chalice-veil,  
White as a drift of fresh, untrodden snow ;  
Nor yet the Food prepared for us below,  
That Food which cannot fail :—

But as, all kneeling there,  
We shroud our faces in our hands, and cry  
To God's most high and awful Majesty,  
In His own words of prayer,

We see that day of dread—  
The midnight darkness of the troubled sky,  
The black cloud-arms, outstretched so wofully  
Over the Master's Head.

We feel the wrathful calm,  
The wondrous stillness of that wondrous death,  
The quiet hushing of the tremulous breath,  
In wonder and alarm.

And all our soul looks up  
To those dread cross-beams towering in the air—  
To the dear Saviour, drinking for us there  
That bitter, bitter cup.

Just as the women wept,  
We in our love and sorrow fain would weep,  
And by our Master, ever watchful, keep,  
As at the Cross they kept.

Trusting the Christ alone ;  
Trusting those loving lips and loving eyes ;  
Trusting the grace which every want supplies,  
To pity and atone.

Through Him to pray—to dare  
Call God our Father, and His Heaven our home ;  
Before His purity, defiled, to come  
And bend the knee in prayer.

Maker of Love and Light !  
For His sweet sake, O hear us evermore !  
Our ruined Faith and Love, through Him, restore  
To Thine own Image bright.

Father and God divine !  
Our hearts, all bruised and broken, do Thou take,  
And give back what Thou pleasest, for His sake  
Who died to make us Thine.



*The Collect.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy SPIRIT, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name; through CHRIST our LORD.  
Amen.

*THE COLLECT.*

OW before Thine Altar bending,  
See each sinful, weary head ;  
Hear the eager cry ascending,  
Breathing never doubt or dread !  
Father, by Thy great compassion,  
By Thy love so full and free,  
By our Saviour's Cross and Passion,  
Pleading too eternally :

Oh ! look down with tender grieving  
On the fetters that we wear,  
Round our hearts so strongly weaving,  
Harder day by day to bear ;  
Crushing all the buds and flowers  
Of celestial faith and love,  
Shutting out the gentle showers,  
And the sunlight from above.

Shame and weakness, pride and passion,  
Sin and sorrow, ceaseless pain—  
Links of earth-born tribulation  
Forged into one iron chain ;

In our hearts so surely twining  
Round each spot of purity,  
Like a canker, undermining  
All its sweet vitality.

Oh ! we know that here for ever  
Thou wilt all our sorrow see,  
Thy dear love withholding never,  
Nor Thy blessed sympathy ;  
All our burdened life receiving,  
Tenderly its cross to share ;  
In our every trouble grieving,  
Its worst bitterness to bear.

So we come and kneel before Thee,  
God Almighty, Saviour, Friend !  
And, with grief and love, implore Thee  
Thy united grace to send.  
Now, through all our cloud-rifts stealing,  
Light and hope and peace we see,  
At Thy sacred Altar kneeling,  
Holy, blessed Trinity !

Break off all the fetters clinging  
Round our love and duty now,  
To the wasted garden bringing  
Healing showers, soft as snow ;

Summer sunshine, gently gleaming,  
With its fruitful, fond caress ;  
Summer moonlight, sweetly dreaming  
O'er the rugged wilderness.

So that it bring forth for ever  
Golden harvests, meet for Thee—  
Marred, corrupt, imperfect never—  
Garnered for eternity :  
Pure repentance, deep and yearning,  
Faith no foes may undermine,  
Love in ceaseless action burning,  
Perfect in Thy discipline.



**The First Commandment.**

GOD SPAKE THESE WORDS AND SAID;—

I AM THE LORD THY GOD: Thou shalt have none other  
gods but Me.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,  
And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.*

GOD, we kneel to Thee,  
In faith adore ;  
We pray Thee give us strength and  
grace divine,  
That we may own no faith—no law but Thine  
For evermore.

Thou knowest all too well  
How weak we are ;  
How prone to set an idol in Thy place,  
The Holy Spirit's dwelling to deface,  
His work to mar.

Thou knowest how we dare  
Profane the shrine ;  
Weaving dark nightshade where the lilies were ;  
Building, with reckless hands, some altar there  
Other than Thine.

Some passionate desire  
Of human birth—  
A striving for the fragile wreath of fame,  
A craving for a high and honoured name—  
So little worth !

Or some unhallowed love,  
Bitter and sweet ;  
Tainting each thought with its fond selfishness,  
While virtues—flowers of heavenly holiness—  
Drop in its heat.

A something we have made  
With wondrous care,  
But with blind eyes and weak unsteady hands,  
And in the darkness beautiful it stands,  
Seeming so fair !

O God of all things pure !  
Let but Thy light,  
Through all the shadows that enfold it, shine,  
And we shall see that only work of Thine  
Is good and bright ;

That that once-cherished thing  
We thought so fair,  
Would bring us bitter wrath and woe at last,  
And give us only back, for all the past,  
Death and despair.

Lord, let us keep our hearts  
From idols free ;  
Striving, with tender love and anxious care,  
To set each thought in fairest order there,  
Ready for Thee.

Only, O God, for Thee—  
Only for Thee !  
Through all the peaceful calm and all the strife  
To keep the shrine, and guard its life of life,  
Only for Thee !





### **The Second Commandment.**

THOU shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the LORD THY GOD am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me, and show mercy unto thousands in them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,*

*And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.*



BLESSED Lord ! what Thou hast taught  
us

We would keep for evermore !  
By the sacred Blood which bought us,  
His whom all on earth adore,  
By Thy mercy,  
Gifts of healing on us pour.

Keep us all from disobeying,  
Thou whom we are bound to love ;  
Keep our sinful feet from straying,  
Never more Thine arm remove.  
Holy Father !  
Hear us in Thy Church above !

By our Saviour's cross and passion,  
By His sacrifice so free,

By His sweet and great compassion,  
Poured on us so lavishly ;  
By our promise  
Made in childhood's days to Thee ;

By the Love that, ever yearning,  
Pierces every shadow through,  
Always watching, always burning,  
Always faithful, always true—  
Love so awful  
In the agony it knew.

By the gleams of grace and gladness  
Thou hast granted us to see  
Even 'midst this sin and sadness,  
When we lift our souls to Thee ;  
By our blessings,  
Keep us from idolatry.

Pure and whole be our affection,  
All unearthly, all divine ;  
Sweet and fair, though faint reflection,  
Of that stainless Love of Thine.  
Let it ever  
Round Thy glorious Name entwine.

Let us never, never leave Thee ;  
Hold us by the hand as now ;

Let Thy children never grieve Thee,  
Wandering from Thy side below :  
Keep unshadowed  
That which shines upon our brow.

Let Thy blessed Body feed us,  
By Thee only we would live ;  
Let Thy love and care still lead us ;  
All our faithlessness forgive ;  
And our worship  
Evermore, O Christ, receive !



**The Third Commandment.**

THOU shalt not take the Name of the LORD THY GOD  
in vain: for the LORD will not hold him guiltless, that  
taketh His Name in vain.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,  
And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.*

HEAR we not that Name divine for ever  
In the mystic Cross upon our brow ?  
Help us, Lord, in every weak endeavour  
To preserve it from dishonour now.

Years ago the Seal was set. And stainless  
We were borne into a world of care,  
Where we found no footpath soft and painless,  
But the Cross and thorn-wreath everywhere.

Shadowed o'er with sin, and doubt, and sorrow,  
Has the blessed Signet ever been ;  
Yet each day has had some hopeful morrow,  
And a rainbow in each cloud was seen.

Jesu ! when our sin is hardly pressing,  
Thou canst cleanse us, and we look to Thee,

Though no more can we have back the blessing  
Of our sweet Baptismal purity.

Keep Thy hand upon us, that we never  
Lightly breathe upon this Name of Thine—  
On our heart and on our lips for ever—  
That no evil touch it, Lord divine !

On our heart : for when 'tis sad and bleeding,  
We are sorely tempted to repine ;  
And we break Thy statute, all unheeding,  
When we murmur at Thy discipline.

On our heart : or else to this Thine Altar  
We in cold impenitence may come ;  
And, O God ! our footsteps would not falter  
In the path that leads us to our Home.

On our heart : for then, each source refining,  
All our thoughts and yearnings flow to Thee ;  
Round Thy Name, like fragile blossoms, twining,  
Bearing fruit for immortality.

On our lips : for words are quickly uttered,  
Yet the echoes never more may die ;  
From the tongue o'er which they lightly fluttered  
Drift they onward to eternity.

On our lips : for many a promise given,  
Else we might be tempted, Lord, to break—  
Might here join the glorious song of Heaven,  
Yet the laws Thou gavest us forsake.

On our lips. Oh, let Thy grace defend us  
From o'ershadowing that dear Name of Thine !  
Let the soul of holy thoughts attend us,  
That we hallow it, O Lord divine !

So we kneel in sacred, sweet Communion,  
Praying Thee to guard our daily life—  
Foretaste this of everlasting union  
In the Land where ends our toil and strife.





### *The Fourth Commandment.*

REMEMBER that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD THY GOD. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,*

*And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.*

THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath  
Breaks o'er the earth again,  
As some sweet summer morning  
After a night of pain.

It comes as cooling showers  
To some exhausted land,  
As shade of clustered palm-trees  
'Mid weary wastes of sand ;

As bursts of glorious sunshine  
Across a stormy sea,  
Revealing to the sailors  
That Port where they would be,—  
The calm and peaceful Haven,  
The dazzling, golden shore,  
The home of saints and angels,  
Where sin is known no more.

O day when earthly sorrow  
Is merged in heavenly joy,  
And trial changed to blessing  
That foes may not destroy,—

When want is turned to fulness,  
And weariness to rest,  
And pain to wondrous rapture,  
Upon the Saviour's breast !

O we would bring for offering,  
Though marred with earthly soil,  
A week of earnest labour,  
Of steady, faithful toil ;  
Fair fruits of self-denial,  
Of strong, deep love to Thee,  
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,  
In our humility.

And we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
At His dear Altar kneeling,  
From bondage to be freed ;  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all Thy work undone—  
So many talents wasted !  
So few bright laurels won !

And with that sorrow mingling,  
A steadfast faith, and sure,  
And love so deep and fervent,  
That tries to make it pure,—

In His dear Presence finding  
The pardon that we need ;  
And then the peace so lasting—  
Celestial peace indeed !

So be it, Lord, for ever.  
O may we evermore,  
In Jesu's holy Presence  
His blessed Name adore !  
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,  
Within His temple-walls—  
Type of the stainless worship  
In Sion's golden halls.

So that, in joy and gladness,  
We reach that Home at last,  
When life's short week of sorrow  
And sin and strife is past ;  
When Angel-hands have gathered  
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,  
O Father, Lord, Redeemer !  
Most Holy Trinity !



**The Fifth Commandment.**

HONOUR thy father and thy mother; that thy days may  
be long in the land, which the LORD THY GOD giveth thee.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,  
And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.*

FATHER of Heaven, for all Thy care  
We bless and praise Thee now—  
For all the brightness Thou hast sent  
Upon our path below,  
To gild with gentlest love the cross  
We wear upon our brow.

Oh, rough and weary is the way  
Where Thy dear Feet have been,  
But sweet and thickly grow the flowers  
The thorns and briars between ;  
And gleams of sunshine, soft and fair,  
At every step are seen.

Brightest and best of all these gifts  
Our daily life to cheer,  
The purest taste of happiness  
That sin has left us here,—

A stream that flows through all the earth,  
With mighty depths, and clear,—

Is the sweet life and love of home,  
Its every sacred tie,  
Its holy, clinging hopes and cares  
That never fade or die,  
Its strong, undoubting truthfulness,  
Which is love's sanctity.

Father—the word itself is love,  
And wondrous peace and rest ;  
Mother—the name of all earth's names  
Most hallowed and most blest,  
Bound up in solemn memories,  
Our loveliest and best.

Such love! No other in the world  
Is half so sweet and fair  
As that which blossoms in our home,  
Life's golden fruit to bear ;  
Closely together binding all  
The joys and sorrows there.

Calm in its self-forgetfulness ;  
Stronger than human hate  
In that most touching faithfulness  
Which none may estimate ;  
Deep love, and lasting, and from birth  
Till death, inviolate.

O Lord, we praise and worship Thee  
For this dear gift of Thine,  
And pray that every thought of love  
May in Thy love entwine ;  
That holy always in Thy sight  
Its feeble light may shine.





**The Sixth Commandment.**

THOU shalt do no murder.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,  
And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.*

HERE on the earth, from its polluted  
altars,  
Come we, O holy Jesus, unto Thine !  
Out of Thy Presence every footstep  
falters,  
And we most sorely need Thy discipline.

Save for Thy love, our evil passions stilling,  
Save for Thy watchful, careful, guiding Hand,  
Save for Thy grace, through all the wide world  
thrilling,  
We should for ever break this great command :

Ever make shipwreck of the souls surrounding,  
Leading them with us in the treacherous way,

Where there are hidden reefs and shoals abound-  
ing,  
Waiting in fatal silence for their prey:

Within some life of better promise, weaving,  
All heedlessly, a curse that may not die;  
Or on some name, that might be blessed,  
leaving  
A stain that clings there everlastingly:

By our example, by our pride or passion,  
Harming the soul so precious in Thy sight;—  
O spare us, Lord, this awful desecration,  
By Thine own love, so sweet and infinite!

And spare us when our heart is wildly panting  
With fierce desires and thoughts of bitterness,  
Longing to crush some life of God's own  
planting—  
Spare us, we pray Thee, Lord of righteous-  
ness!

O mighty King and God! O blessed Keeper!  
Who knowest all the trials we have to bear

Wash Thou our souls; let not the stain grow  
deeper,

Let not this broken law be added there.

Pour on us, Lord, Thine own best gifts of  
healing,

Mould Thou our tempers and control our will,  
And in our hearts Thine image bright revealing,  
Help us, that we Thy law of love fulfil.



**The Seventh Commandment.**

THOU shalt not commit adultery.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,  
And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.*

JESU, pure and sinless,  
Thou Soul of perfect love,  
Let this petition reach Thee  
In Thy great Church above ;  
Thou Who hast borne temptation,  
Though never known the fall,  
Who seest human weakness,  
And yet dost pardon all.

By Thy sweet intercession,  
Thy Holy Spirit's grace,  
Preserve from this pollution  
Thy chosen dwelling-place.  
O from all sinful passion  
Each wayward heart keep free,

And let it strive to render  
Its incense pure to Thee.

Its every earthly longing,  
All its unholy love,  
Its wild, forbidden yearnings,  
Its selfishness, remove ;  
They grow so fast and thickly,  
Those rank and poisonous weeds—  
Tares that are sown at night-time  
Amongst the heavenly seeds.

These souls, so weak and erring,  
Up to Thy Cross we bring.  
Cleanse out, Divine Refiner,  
Each dark imagining !  
Guard Thou the springs of being,  
And keep the Fountain bright,  
Give to us of Thy holiness,  
Eternal Light of Light !

If Thou wilt keep us watchful,  
Confiding in Thy strength,  
And trusting that Thy power  
Will—must prevail at length,

The vigilance of Satan,  
And all his evil train,  
To spoil Thine own possession,  
Will surely be in vain.

O plant the Cross within it,  
All shining white and fair !  
He dares not face the banner  
When it is waving there.  
And Thou, sweet Dove of Heaven,  
Fold Thy bright wings for aye,  
For in Thy holy presence  
All shadows pass away.





**The Eighth Commandment.**

THOU shalt not steal.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,  
And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.*

HE prayer we utter eagerly, beseeching  
strength and grace,  
All humbly kneeling side by side, in  
this most holy place ;  
And down the broad and solemn aisles the dying  
echoes stray,  
But angel voices take them up and carry them away.

Dear, faithful messengers of love, your shielding  
pinions now  
Droop o'er us, as when Christ's own seal was set  
upon our brow ;  
O by that day so long ago, when we were cleansed  
from sin,  
And God's sweet Spirit came to dwell our baby  
souls within.

When that great bond was signed and sealed, for  
Jesu's blessed sake,  
Our life for all eternity His own—His own—  
to make ;

O ! so unstained, so white and clean, from earthly  
taint so free ;

When we were almost angels too, in that first  
purity.

To us, as by this Altar we are humbly kneeling,  
come,

And take back every breath of prayer to your  
celestial Home ;

This earnest supplication to the holy God above,  
That He will keep us upright in the paths  
of faith and love.

O Lord, we cry, Thou Judge of all—so merciful  
and just,

In whose almighty care and love we humbly,  
wholly trust !

As Thou rewardest us for all the works on earth  
we do,

Help us to keep this law of Thine with reverent  
hearts and true.

No one, by word or deed, to wrong of aught he  
may possess—

His purity of life or name, his hopes of blessedness,

His soul's instinctive faith, his love for what is  
bright of Thine,  
Nor anything Thou givest him, Father and  
God divine !

Not e'en the least of all his goods to touch or  
to destroy,  
Nor yet his smallest blessing, nor his faintest  
gleam of joy ;  
But rather giving of our own, as freely as we may—  
O grant us thus to magnify Thy glorious Name,  
we pray !

Thou knowest when to do Thy will each earnest  
heart has striven ;  
And we shall have a hundred-fold for all that we  
have given ;  
So may we lavish only love—in faithful love  
to Thee—  
That we receive back only love for all eternity.



**The Ninth Commandment.**

THOU shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,  
And incline our hearts to keep this law.*

*THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.*

AY Thy Spirit, bright and holy,  
With His tender, shielding wings,  
With the pure celestial glory  
That His Presence only brings,

In our heart for ever dwelling,  
Keep the evil one at bay,—  
By our Saviour's cross and passion,  
By His willing intercession,  
Hear, and answer us, we pray !

He is watching—ever watching,  
In a silence dark and dread,  
Round each fervent aspiration  
His ensnaring toils to spread ;  
On each thought to breathe pollution,  
Every word to taint with sin,—  
And how can we foil his power  
In the dark and trying hour,  
With no Spirit-light within ?

He is striving—ever striving  
To break down and to destroy,  
With the finest gold to mingle  
What he can of base alloy ;

In the garden fair and fragrant,  
Where Thy blessed Feet have been,  
To crush all the tender beauty—  
Flowers of love and truth and duty,—  
And the buds that grow between.

He is trying—ever trying  
On Thy fairest work to breathe,  
With its first celestial sweetness  
Some undying curse to wreath ;  
But we fear not, gentle Spirit,  
When Thy shielding wings are nigh !  
Then he comes not, hearts assailing,  
For he knows there's no prevailing  
'Gainst that wondrous sanctity.

He may strive to sow them—vainly—  
Those accursed bitter seeds,  
That grow up to sinful anger  
And untruthful words and deeds ;  
Though our eyes are all unwatchful,  
Thine, so loving, never sleep—  
And their clear and steady shining,  
Every snare of his divining,  
Can the frail soul-fortress keep.

O ! he knows our sinful weakness,  
That our love is mostly cold—  
All too feeble and too selfish  
Thy great Name of truth to hold.

Ah ! he knows how oft 'tis hidden,  
This baptismal seal of Thine !—  
And he feels his strength increasing  
When the beacon-light is ceasing  
In our shadowed heart to shine.

But he knows Thy love, O Spirit !  
That 'tis stronger than his hate,  
That for ever and for ever  
It is kept inviolate.  
And he dares not face Thy Presence,  
Brooding human passions o'er ;  
Though our weakness may assist him,  
He knows Thy strength can resist him—  
Can resist him evermore !

So be with us, ever with us,  
In our daily toil and strife ;  
Purify Thou all the sources  
Of our erring daily life !  
Do Thou guard it from the Tempter  
With Thy white wings, gentle Dove !  
In that sure and safe protection  
Bloom the flowers of sweet affection,  
And the fruits of truth and love.





### **The Tenth Commandment.**

THOU shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt  
not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid,  
nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.

*Lord, have mercy upon us,  
And write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.*

*THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.*

THOU knowest what is needful for  
us only,  
And that we have, be it the crown  
or rod ;  
While things that would but harm us Thou  
withholdest,  
In Thy great love, O God !

The message of Thy sweet and pitying mercy  
Comes oftenest in our poverty and pain ;  
O Christ our Lord ! let not Thy cross of sorrow  
Be laid on us in vain !

We would kneel down and take it, undeserving,  
And say all thankfully, " Thy will be done !"  
Would bless Thee for it now—as in the future  
When its bright crown is won.

We are not worthy, Lord, with Thee to suffer,  
Yet grant it, if it make us more like Thee ;  
Put in our hands Thy cup, that we may drink it,  
And live—eternally.

And Thou dost give us too, beyond all measure,  
Things that are beautiful and fair and bright,  
Rays of Thy glory—of Thy love and power—  
So great ! so infinite !

They shine around our life, like summer sunbeams,  
And make it sweet and blessed here below,  
Though for the least of all we are unworthy—  
Unthankful too, we know.

And all is best for our eternal welfare,  
Whether a crown of thorns or flowers it be ;  
Each, if in love we wear it, looking upward  
In faith, will lead to Thee.

Thou givest every one his special blessing,  
His special care and sorrow ; and we pray  
That each may have a loving heart, and truthful,  
Before Thy throne to-day !

To-day and evermore. For well we know it,  
That we are safe and happy but in Thee ;  
And we would humbly walk in Thy dear footsteps,  
Thy Home at last to see.

O make us ever thankful and contented,  
In Thy Name using all these gifts of Thine—  
Asking no more than those which Thou hast given,  
Father, in love divine !



*The Collect for the Queen.*

ALMIGHTY God, Whose kingdom is everlasting, and power infinite: Have mercy upon the whole Church: and so rule the heart of Thy chosen Servant Victoria, our Queen and Governor, that she (knowing whose minister she is) may above all things seek Thy honour and glory; and that we, and all her subjects (duly considering whose authority she hath), may faithfully serve, honour, and humbly obey her, in Thee, and for Thee, according to Thy blessed Word and ordinance; through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD, Who with Thee and the HOLY GHOST liveth and reigneth, ever ONE God, world without end. Amen.

*THE COLLECT FOR THE QUEEN.*

AT this Thy mercy-seat, O Saviour,  
kneeling,  
Thy blessed Face to know is to adore ;  
Here, where Thou art Thine own dear  
love revealing,  
The flickering light of our love to restore,  
We come. And this the prayer now upward  
stealing,—  
Bless and protect our Queen for evermore !

Our Queen—Thy child and servant—who is bearing  
So large a burden on her single life—  
Who, intertwined with earthly gems, is wearing  
On her dear head the thorn-wreath. In the strife  
Do Thou uphold her, Lord ; that she, unfearing,  
Escape the dangers with which earth is rife.

The tempter's treacherous snares of wealth and  
power,

Woven with such great cautiousness and care—  
Each bright to our dim eyes, as poisoned flower  
Or canker-eaten fruit—so sweet ! so fair !  
Planted most surely in our gayest bower,  
To blight the true and delicate beauty there.

Ever upon Thy wisdom, Lord, relying,  
May she be kept within the narrow way ;  
Living in Thy sure love and strength, and dying  
In that same refuge—all her hope and stay !  
In both, with earnest faith and purpose, trying  
To win the brightness of Thy perfect day.

Ever to walk where Thine own steps, remaining  
To mark the highway of the Cross, we see—  
The way we all must go, that Cross retaining,  
Until we take the golden Crown from Thee.  
Until, the guerdon for Thy sorrow gaining,  
We live as angels live, eternally !

In daily life with patience to endeavour  
Her work to do ; Thy holy laws to keep ;  
To strive and pray, with heart relaxing never—  
To watch with eyes that would not yield to sleep.

O write upon her heart and soul for ever  
Only Thy love and truth, most pure and deep !

And in the hour of death, O Lord, defend her  
From every breath of terror or despair ;  
Let but undoubting faith and hope attend her,  
Enfolded, shielded by Thy love and care ;  
And let the hand unerring only send her  
To Thy sweet dwelling and Thy presence there.





*The Creed.*

I BELIEVE in one GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible :

And in one LORD JESUS CHRIST, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of HIS FATHER before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, very GOD of very GOD, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the FATHER; by Whom all things were made, Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the HOLY GHOST of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man, and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, and the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the FATHER. And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead : Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the HOLY GHOST, the LORD and Giver of life, Who proceedeth from the FATHER and the SON, Who with the FATHER and the SON together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins, and I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and the life of the World to come. Amen.

*THE CREED.*

"I believe."



TANDING all quietly, with eyes  
uplifted,  
With throbbing heart, and still hands  
folded now ;  
Facing the blue East, with its sweet cloud  
roses,  
The floating purple veil upon her brow ;

Dreaming of things these light clouds may  
be hiding,  
The glory imaged by the morning sun,  
The veiled presence of the bright-winged  
angels,  
And of Him too—the uncreated One ;

Thinking and dreaming, with a strange, hushed  
gladness,  
Of the great trumpet-call—to sound afar  
Over this weary, waiting earth, the rising  
Of its new day—"the bright and morning  
Star;"

The whispered "I believe" goes up to Heaven,  
Floating so faintly down the hallowed aisles ;  
And many an angel, the true heart-note hearing,  
The voice of God's own Spirit in us, smiles.

"I believe"—'tis our frail vessels' anchor—  
Tossing and trembling on life's surging sea—  
Clasping, with clinging arms, in time of  
danger,  
The "Rock" beneath—lest we should drift  
from Thee.

Storms will arise, but it can hold us safely  
Until the dark, wild night is overpast ;  
That in the morning light we may sail  
onward,  
And all unharmed the Haven reach at last.

Yes ; "I believe" is our hearts' blessed watch-  
word,

When Jesus comes and knocks at its closed  
door ;

And when He hears it, then he gladly enters,  
To make that heart His dwelling evermore.

O write it, Lord, on the besieged portal—

Write it in Thine own cleansing Blood,  
we pray ;

That all the Tempter's legions may be scattered,  
As midnight darkness at the dawn of day.

Write it—that the destroying angel, passing,

Upon the doorpost the dear Sign may see—

The token of Thy love and full forgiveness—  
Of our redeemed life, new-born of Thee.

Write it, O God ! and may we strive for ever

To "keep the faith" in constant watch and  
prayer ;

May no dim mists within our soul enshroud it,  
To hide the light of Thy sweet Presence there.

Before Thine Altar we implore this blessing,  
O Holy Father !—that we may “believe”—  
Here, where we ask for all we need, through  
Jesus,  
And what we ask for, for His sake, receive.



*THE CREED.*

"Three Persons and one God."



HOLY One in Three,  
Veiled in majesty and might above !  
O wondrous Godhead and incarnate  
love—  
May we "believe" in Thee ;

In humble faith, and sure,  
Believe and worship Thee for evermore—  
Know Thee in very truth while we adore—  
With loving hearts, and pure.

We cannot see Thee, Lord ;  
We cannot know those mysteries above,  
We cannot span Thy mighty life and love :  
Yet in Thy Holy Word

Thou hast revealed indeed  
All that was right, and good for us to know  
Each step is tracked out in this vale below,  
And that is all we need.

We know that we are Thine—  
Redeemèd from the curse of Eden's sin  
By Jesus' sacrifice, whose Blood within—  
The seal of peace Divine,

Once offered to restore  
Our birthright as Thy children—day by day,  
Through Him who worketh in us, takes away  
Our sin for evermore.

For man alone 'twere vain  
To dream he could undo what he had done !  
The gift of grace was forfeited, and none  
Might win it back again.

'Twas only God's work now ;  
His love alone was stronger than death's sway,  
And but for that—O but for that!—the day  
Had no more light below.

That dear love took the cost,  
The dreadful penalty of man's deep sin ;  
There was but It left, great enough to win  
What all the world had lost.

And so, O Holy Christ,  
Thou didst all willingly for us lay down  
Thy mighty sceptre, and Thy glorious crown !  
And in this Eucharist

We celebrate Thy birth,  
Thy suffering manhood, and Thy shameful death,  
And thank and bless Thee now, with trembling  
breath,  
O Saviour of the earth.

And to Thee, blessed Dove,  
Who bore in part that Cross of woe and shame,  
To Thy most holy and most sacred Name  
We offer up our love.

"O what was Thine to me !"  
Each soul asks wondering—and no answer hears—  
"That love which was poured out in blood and  
tears,—  
And what is mine to Thee ?"



Maker and Lord Divine,  
Eternal Spirit, Father, Saviour, King !  
Help us our hearts' best offering to bring—  
Feeble return for Thine.

And there will come a day  
When we shall see Thy glory face to face ;  
O may we then receive in Heaven a place  
That passeth not away.

To stand Thy throne beside—  
To stand with Thee upon the radiant shore,  
Where sin and sorrow shall be known no more,  
And to be satisfied ;—

Guerdon so sweet to win,  
Help us on earth Thy easy yoke to wear ;  
And every cross of sorrow, Lord, to bear,  
Where Thine own Feet have been.



*THE CREED.*

"One Catholic and Apostolic Church."



IS one vast united army,  
Ruled and governed by Thy Hand ;  
Drawn up ever, watching, waiting,  
Where the hosts of evil stand.

And the battle cry is sounding,  
Daily sounding o'er the plain ;  
And the soft dim twilight deepens  
But to wake it up again.

Thou hast placed Thyself each soldier  
In the rank where he should be,  
Thou hast sealed him with Thy signet—  
Made him strong, O Lord, in Thee.

Thou hast clothed him in the armour  
Of Thine own celestial might ;  
Gleaming softly in the sunshine,  
In the silent stars of night.

O'er his head the snow-white banner,  
With its shining symbol, waves ;  
And its sweet and holy shadow  
Every faltering footstep saves.

Thou art guiding and directing,  
In Thy wisdom, day by day ;  
Thou dost rule this mighty army  
With a tender, loving sway.

One vast host of one great Ruler !  
Though each soul alone must face  
All the special strife and danger  
Of his own appointed place.

Ay, though none may shun the warfare,  
Nor his daily cross lay down ;  
And though each must win his laurels—  
Each his own immortal crown,

'Tis one Church—redeemed, united  
In the person of our Lord ;  
'Tis one Church—His Bride beloved—  
To her first estate restored.

We are members of that Body,  
We are branches of that Vine,  
We are shafts of that great Temple—  
With its corner-stone Divine.

Many sheep in one Fold sheltered,  
Many links of one great chain,  
Many soldiers—but one army,  
On the one great battle-plain.

One, and only one, for ever,  
In this time of earthly strife ;  
One, and only one, hereafter,  
In the bright and endless life.

Help us, O thou mighty Saviour,  
To be fruitful unto Thee,  
That we keep our place within it  
Throughout all eternity.



*THE CREED.*

"One Baptism for the remission of sins."



LAVE-BORN, with the curse of Eden  
Resting darkly on us, we—  
Feeble, helpless, waiting children—  
At the Font were brought to Thee.  
Hosts, unseen to us, were watching  
When we met our Saviour there—  
By the mystic, tideless river,  
From Thee flowing everywhere.

Satan's legions gathered round us  
Till the holy bond was sealed,  
Till the light of love and pardon  
Was in our new life revealed.  
Then our fetters all were broken ;  
From his service we were free ;  
And those evil spirits, vanquished,  
Left their fortress silently.

Angel pinions now enfold us ;  
Angel hands are set to keep  
Careful, loving guard around us ;  
And the eyes that never sleep  
Watch us ever—in our childhood,  
Time of pleasure, sweet and wild ;  
In our passionate, restless manhood—  
Lest the Cross should be defiled.

Lest we should in thought dishonour  
That most awful Name we bear  
In the seal upon our foreheads,—  
Set, in holy Baptism, there.  
And they check the sinful action,  
And the wrongful utterance,  
By their presence in temptation,  
By their unseen influence.

Ah! that seal of Thine adoption,  
Seal of pardon, seal of peace!  
Let its bright, eternal blessings  
Through us, never, never cease.  
We who dare to call Thee Father,  
May we faithful children be ;  
And the soul, in Thine so stainless,  
Stainless strive to keep for Thee.

Once Thy Spirit, pure and holy,  
Came to make His dwelling there ;  
When it bore no taint of evil—  
All so marvellously fair :  
Now sin's dark and fearful shadows  
Mar its brightness day by day,  
But the Gift is ever with us,  
And will cleanse us, when we pray.

When we pray, and strive in earnest  
Our part of the bond to keep,  
Walking where Thy steps would lead us,  
Be the pathway smooth or steep ;  
Bearing all our burden gladly,  
Since so dread a cross was Thine ;  
Knowing to what joy it leadeth,  
By its perfect discipline.

Oh, we know how we were pardoned—  
Brought once more, O God, to Thee ;—  
Made Thy children, holy Father,  
Heirs of immortality !  
Know how we may dare approach Thee,  
In Thy majesty and might ;  
Know how we are kept and sheltered  
By a care so infinite.

Know how we at last may conquer,  
In this short and painful strife ;  
Know how we may hope for Heaven,  
And its endless, sinless life.  
How—not why! O, that is hidden  
In Thy mighty love and grace ;  
We shall never know that, never,  
Till we see Thee face to face.





*THE CREED.*

"The Resurrection of the dead."



CALMLY resting, calmly waiting,  
In that hushed and dreamless sleep,  
In that strange and perfect silence,  
So mysteriously deep,  
Lie the soldiers who have fallen  
On the battle-field of life—  
Who have finished now for ever  
All that weary day of strife.  
Now the soft, calm night has fallen  
On each aching head at last,  
And it sleeps until the morning—  
Till the night of death is past.  
Ah ! no footstep, passing slowly,  
With its tender, reverent tread ;  
And no noise, however loving,  
May disturb that tired head.  
Not the church bells, ringing gladly  
Through the pure and breezy air,

Nor the soft notes of the organ,  
Can awake an echo there.  
And it cannot feel the sunshine,  
As it dreams upon the stone ;  
And the green grass and the violets,  
Under which it lies alone ;  
Nor the sweet and quiet shadows  
That the elm trees throw around,  
O'er the mossy slopes and hillocks  
Of that consecrated ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, low down in the deep ocean,  
'Neath its throbbing, moaning waves,  
'Mid the tangled weeds and corals,  
There are graves too—sacred graves.  
O so silent are the sleepers  
In their sepulchre below,  
For the spot where they are lying  
Not a human eye can know.  
O'er the soft and quiet pillow  
Not a foot has ever trod ;  
And no hand of man prepared it ;  
None have marked it now but God.  
Ah ! the seed is widely scattered  
O'er the ocean and the plain,  
But 'tis He who thus hath sown it ;  
He will gather it again ;—

From the holy, quiet Churchyards,  
From the wastes in heathen lands,  
From the snow-capped mountain regions,  
From the golden southern sands,  
From the wave-rocked tombs of coral  
In the ocean depths—and all  
Must attend the awful summons,  
The so long expected call.

\* \* \* \* \*

But a handful of dead ashes,  
Which corruption may have spared ;  
But a thing at which we shudder—  
One whose life and love we shared ;  
A few bones for tender fingers,  
And a skull for some fair face,  
Or perhaps an empty coffin—  
Only vacant, silent space ;  
Nothing, nothing to distinguish  
Of the beauty that has been !  
Of that bright and radiant beauty  
Not a shadow to be seen.  
Not that picture of calm features  
And of meekly folded hands,  
Of two sweet eyes, closed in slumber,  
That in memory's chamber stands.  
Not the pure and placid outline  
Of that simple shroud of snow,

Nor the frail and drooping lilies  
On the pulseless breast and brow.  
Nothing, nothing! only water,  
Clear and sparkling, in the seas;  
Only damp earth for the violets,  
'Neath the shady Churchyard trees.

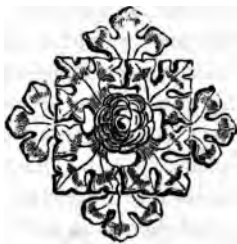
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God has marked them—God has kept them,  
And for evermore will keep;  
Till the harvest-field has ripened,  
And the Angels come to reap.  
And we know not—O we know not!—  
Looking sadly at the graves,  
At the green slopes in the churchyard,  
At the troubled, restless waves,  
Who is destined for perdition,  
Who for Heaven's eternal life—  
Know not who has won the guerdon  
Of a brave heart in the strife.  
We may "hope" for all, not judging,  
For our Saviour Jesus' sake;  
He alone must sift His garner,  
And the wealth of harvest take.

\* \* \* \*

Unto Thee, most holy Father,  
Do we humbly lift our eyes,  
And a passionate petition  
Reacheth upward to the skies.

Lord, we pray that when, hereafter,  
We take back our life again,  
It may be without its sorrow,  
Or its sinfulness and pain.  
May it stand all white and spotless  
In Thy glory so divine ;  
Soul and body pure and perfect,  
One for evermore with Thine.  
May we be amongst the gathering  
Of the ripest fruit, we pray ;  
Not, with useless weeds and grasses,  
From Thy Kingdom cast away.



*THE CREED.*

"The Life of the world to come."



WAITING, waiting—only waiting,  
Stands the Church of Christ below ;  
Years and days of strife and sorrow—  
All are numbered, Lord, we know.  
All the term of her probation  
In Thine eye and heart is spanned,  
All her life of hope and anguish,  
In this darkened, lower land.  
She is gathering her children,  
In her anxious, watchful love,  
And she tries to keep them—waiting,  
With her patient eyes above :  
Tries to keep them all in safety,  
To give back again to Thee ;  
For she knows how dread the reckoning  
At Thy judgment-seat will be.  
She is waiting—only waiting—  
With her face turned to the East—  
For the dawn of that sweet morning  
Of her joyful Marriage Feast !

And the flock which she has sheltered,  
In a strength and love divine,  
She would take with her hereafter  
To that blissful Home of Thine.  
Waiting, waiting for the summons,  
With her hands outstretched in prayer,  
And her trustful heart in Heaven—  
All her love enshrined there !  
May Thy Church, O Christ, be keeping  
Constant vigil here below,  
The full daylight of Thy glory,  
In its wondrous truth, to know.

\* \* \* \* \*

O to stand in Thy dear presence,  
And to see Thee face to face,  
In the dazzling light and glory  
Of Thy holy dwelling-place !  
Just to see the Crown immortal,  
As Thou wearest it above ;  
Just to hear those sweet, pure accents  
Of unutterable love !  
Just to stand in sight of Heaven,  
Through its open door to see  
How the faithful ones are feasting  
Through the glad eternity !  
Just one glimpse of bright-winged Angels,  
Of the crowns and harps of gold,

Of the radiant, peerless sunlight,  
Such as earth may ne'er behold ;  
And the sweep of shining pinions,  
And of garments white and fair,  
And of all the wondrous beauty,  
And the wondrous glory there !  
Just to hear the thrilling echoes  
Of that far-off anthem note,  
Which among the hills celestial  
In undying accents float !  
Just to hear the hymn exulting  
From those myriad-voices rise,  
And to know how sweet and lovely  
Is the promised Paradise !

\* \* \* \*

Oh, to meet Thee, blessed Saviour,  
At the pearly gate above ;  
With the sense of sin forgiven,  
Through an earnest faith and love.  
Through a patient, daily struggle  
With these myriad foes of Thine ;  
In the strength of Thy pure Presence,  
And its watchfulness divine.  
And to see the smile of pardon,  
On us never more to cease ;  
Shedding life, and warmth, and gladness,  
In its tender, perfect peace !



And to feel those arms almighty  
Gently folding us to rest,  
In the sight of God's Archangels,  
On that Saviour's gentle breast.  
And to hear His sweet voice, saying,  
"Blessed child, come back to Me !  
To the home so bright and glorious,  
Which has been prepared for thee.  
Here no more the cross may touch thee ;  
Never thought of grief and pain  
Shall descend upon the spirit  
I have made Mine own, again !  
And the foes whom I have vanquished  
In thy person, child of love,  
They can never, never reach thee  
In the land of light above.  
There is only peace and blessing  
In this home so sweet of Mine ;—  
And its bright, unending gladness,  
Faithful heart, shall all be thine !"



*THE SERMON.*

ORD, that we hear  
The Word these lips ordained bear—  
The Word Divine,  
Which tells of that deep love of Thine—  
In faith and truth, our hearts prepare.

Root out the weed  
Of unbelief, and every seed  
In darkness sown,  
To blight the blossoms of Thine own,  
Which else were fair and sweet indeed !

Send gentle rain,  
To soften all the soil again ;  
The dew of grace,  
To freshen and revive the place,  
Which even Thou didst not disdain.

And healing light,  
To make it fruitful in Thy sight ;  
The light of love,  
Which takes its glory from above,  
In Thine own glory, pure and bright.

That it may be  
No barren garden unto Thee,  
With thorns o'ergrown ;  
The furrows parched where Thou hast sown,  
But lovely evermore to see.

May then the hand,  
Obedient to Thy blest command,  
Which sows the seed  
Of our eternal life indeed,  
Not sow on desolated land.

Not sow in vain,  
With fruitless care and toil and pain,  
A barren field ;  
Which no rich harvest-store will yield,  
When Thou wouldst reap Thine own again.

But may it know—  
The hand which scatters here below  
The seed divine—  
That hand whose strength and power is Thine,  
That from its labour, flowers may grow :

Flowers bright and fair,  
The germ of perfect fruit to bear—  
Deep faith and love :  
One day to bloom in Heaven above,  
A part of Thine own glory there.

*THE OFFERTORY.*

“Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in Heaven.”



ORD, give us faith, a beacon-light to be  
In all our thought of Thee!  
Not that alone which to the truths  
assent,  
Of this great Sacrament,—  
The revelation of that love of Thine,  
So perfect, so divine!

Not that which tells Thy holy Word is true;  
That every thought is true  
Which the Church breathes, as echo of Thine own;  
Not that—not that alone!  
'Tis but the fig tree, barren in Thy sight,  
Though all its leaves look bright.

'Tis but the shell, without the precious seed—  
A useless thing indeed!

A little bud, untimely broken down,  
Which has no root or crown ;  
Which might have borne its flower and fruit for  
Thee,  
Upon the living tree.

Not this—not only this ! Let its fair form  
With heavenly life be warm,  
And fragrant with pure love its gentle breath—  
Not cold and still in death !  
Let it bear fruit, not graceful leaves alone,  
The plant which Thou hast sown.

Lord, give us faith ! a lamp which never dies,  
Because our love supplies  
The oil to feed it, and to keep it bright—  
A steady, shining light ;  
Not to us only in that perilous way  
Which leads to perfect day,

But to those vessels on the open sea,  
Striving to get to Thee ;  
For their sake also must our lamp be trimmed ;  
If the sweet ray were dimmed,  
Not we alone might drift on that strange shore,  
Where the sun shines no more.

Make it reflect the glory, Lord, divine,  
Of that pure love of Thine ;  
Let all its rays be borrowed from Thine own,  
And round our life be thrown ;  
O'er other hearts its comfort sweet to shed,  
In the rough path we tread.

O what was Thy life on this earth below !  
One lesson for us now,  
To teach us how we daily ought to live,  
And how for Thee to give—  
How patient and how earnest we should be  
In our true charity.

So may we strive to follow Thee, O Christ,  
Who in this Eucharist  
Wilt give us all the strength and grace we need—  
Thy blessed love indeed !  
That, when the perils of the way are past,  
We rest with Thee at last.



*PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.*

LMIGHTY Father, when we come to  
plead  
At Thy high Altar for Thy presence  
there,  
We know that Thou wilt hear our cry indeed,  
And wilt receive our prayer.

For Thou, O God, didst teach our hearts to pray,  
As Christ once prayed for us on earth—His own;  
And we would ask for all we need to-day,  
Through His great Name alone.

So broken are the notes, so faint and low,  
And trammelled with so much of earthliness;  
They are but discord unto Thee, we know—  
But Thou wilt hear, and bless.

O hear us now! And may we give to Thee  
Only the offering of a grateful heart;  
Its truest, fullest love, that it may be  
Of Thine own love a part.

And all that we do ask amiss—forgive ;  
And help us, too, to trust Thee evermore,  
That that which is most needful Thou wilt give,  
Whate'er we may implore.

So heal Thy Church, Lord, if it please Thee, now,  
From her sore wounds—that she no more may  
bear  
The awful curse of schism on her brow,  
To mar the beauty there !

Plant now the “unity and godly love”  
In every heart that she now holds for Thee ;  
Which in the Church triumphant up above  
Is such sweet harmony.

And may we strive—who bear the seal of Thine,  
The covenant of everlasting peace—  
To foster it ; that love may purely shine,  
And this reproach may cease.

Give grace to every ruler, prince, and king,  
Great King of earth as King of Heaven above !  
That they may sow, as on fair lands in spring,  
Mercy, and truth, and love.

But chiefly for our island home we pray,  
That Thou wilt guard a sovereign and a throne,  
Direct its counsels, and its sceptre sway—  
For sake of Christ alone.



And for Thy priests ordained, each heart and lip  
With Thine own grace defend ; that they may be  
All holy in their great apostleship—  
Meet ministers for Thee.

Give them to know how Thy will may be done,  
Grant them to do it, in unyielding strife,  
That they may show the way to every one—  
Thy way—eternal life!

And to Thy children, e'en the poorest one,  
The lowest, and the vilest, and the least,  
Give, too, Thy heavenly grace—of life the sun—  
Its all-sufficing feast.

To us who seek it here, O God, to-day,  
With faces raised so pleadingly to Thine ;  
To all the friends and loved ones far away,  
Give grace and peace divine !

And all who wander from the one true Fold,  
Bring gently back in safety once again ;  
While those within may sit till strive to hold,  
Nor strive, O God, in vain.

Those who are sick, or sorrowful, or sad,  
From the worst bitterness of pain set free ;  
And turn their night to morning, sweet and glad,  
Lord, if it pleaseth Thee !

Teach them to drink with Thee the cup of life—  
The bitterest is sweet to that of Thine—  
And not to falter in the hour of strife,  
But pray for strength divine.

Those there have been who clung to Thee, O God,  
Who turned their blessings into wealth for Thee ;  
Whether the sunshine or the chastening rod—  
Poor, frail humanity.

Yet in its faithfulness a precious thing—  
No more a shapeless stone, but glittering gem,  
Made lovely in the perfect polishing,  
Meet for Thy diadem !

Souls that have been made white, and now above,  
Are with the Angels on that golden shore—  
That land of peace and rest, of life and love—  
Their own for evermore !

And as we thank Thee, for their blessed sake,  
And ours, and Thine, we pray that it may be,  
That all the highway of the Cross may take  
Who kneel here now to Thee !

That all may do Thy sacred will below,  
That all may live in Thee—in Thee to die,  
The wondrous bliss of Heaven at last to know—  
Its bright eternity.

*GOD'S INVITATION.*

"Draw near."



HIS human soul—poor, sinful, erring  
soul—

To come to Thee,

With its baptismal robe all stained and  
foul,

Not fit to see !

O how can eyes like Thine, O Lord, endure  
To look upon a thing that's so impure ?

To come and join Thee in this sacred Feast,  
When we deserve

Not e'en the lowest place amongst the least  
Who wish to serve !

To drink to fulness from this fount of love,  
Which flows untainted from the land above !

To touch Thy lips upon the crimson brink  
Of the pure stream,  
When faint and thirsty we kneel down to drink !  
To catch a gleam  
Of the sweet glory of Thy perfect life,  
To strengthen and support us in the strife.

To come and sup with Thee, as friend with friend,  
O Lord Divine !  
When we scarce dare before Thy throne to bend,  
On whom the sign  
Was sealèd once to mark us for Thine own—  
So stained with sin and weakness it has grown !

To come, and see Thee standing, waiting still,  
With gentle brow  
And eyes of speaking love, which tears may fill  
And overflow,  
But anger never! And to hear the tone  
Of pardon and encouragement alone ;

The tender voice, which ceases not to plead  
In Heaven above—  
So far beyond all thought of ours indeed  
In its true love !  
Instead of that stern wrath—the awful rod  
Whose fury we have tempted now, O God.

To have the heavenly garment—earth-defiled—  
    Made free from stain,  
Which we could never wash! And, as a child  
    New-born, again  
To breathe the shadeless atmosphere of grace,  
Which Thou hast breathed upon this holy place!

To take Thy blessed life our life to feed—  
    That it may bear  
Some trace hereafter of Thyself indeed,  
    All pure and fair!—  
Some stainless light—a little ray of Thine,  
That our eternal star in Heaven may shine

O what are words to paint that blessedness—  
    So full and free!  
And what are words to breathe our thankfulness,  
    O Lord, to Thee!  
Grant evermore that only, day by day,  
In love and faith undoubting we obey.



*THE CONFESSION.*

"Have mercy upon us, most merciful Father, for Thy  
Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake."



RIGHTEOUS Father and almighty  
King!

Before Thy glance of tender pity now,  
These hearts of ours, and all the woe  
they bring—

A weary load of care and sorrow—bow!

We have been wandering far away from Thee ;  
Far from the hand outstretched to guide and bless,  
Far from the pastures where Thy flocks would be,  
Into the trackless, barren wilderness !

At first it looked so dazzling and so fair,—  
A land of sunny hills, with vineyards crowned ;  
But now we hasten from its fevered glare,  
Thirsty and faint. Never can there be found

One cooling stream of water, one sweet shade  
Of overhanging trees ; one place so blest  
That it brings forth no thorns—one quiet glade  
Of waving flowers and ferns, wherein to rest.

O God ! we come from that most weary land,  
All clothed with its defilements, unto Thee !  
We cannot rid us of the load—Thy Hand,  
For Jesus' sake, alone can set us free !

A burden that is more than we can bear  
Our sinful weakness has made ours, O Lord !  
Thou knowest all the woe that lieth there  
Upon the souls which pray to be restored

Once more in Thy pure image, Lord of life !  
That they are sick with sorrow ; and that all  
The wounds are bleeding at Thy Feet—the strife  
Has been so hard ! Before Thy throne we fall,

And we confess the sin which we have done—  
All our dishonour to Thy blessed Name ;  
How we have battled with the Holy One,  
When to the door of His dark house He came.

How we refused to hear the gentle speech  
Of pitying love and comfort that He bore ;  
And saw the silver wings pass from our reach  
Outstretched—as though they would come back  
no more.

Oh ! great indeed has been our sin—too great  
Its depth and height for words of ours to tell—  
As Thy love is beyond all estimate,  
And in its patience so unutterable.

But Thou dost know it all. To Thee we pray,  
For our Lord Jesus' sake, to give us grace  
And pardon, that our sins be washed away  
In the pure stream that fills this holy place.

Oh that we may in truth receive His life,  
And once more Its sweet strength and blessing  
take !  
That we may go back bravely to the strife,  
And win its precious guerdon, for His sake !





*THE ABSOLUTION.*

HUSH now the soul, and calm its eagerness ;  
Seal up the fountain of its many tears !  
It is no time for passionate grief and fears—

No time for thoughts of earthly bitterness !

Hush ! hush ! no wintry hurricane must blow  
Over the swelling flood ; for God doth rest  
His mighty Hand upon the troubled breast—  
All peacefully its waters now should flow.

No voice of earth's distrust upon the shore  
The sobbing waves may echo ; only there  
The note of calm, pure sorrow, breathed in prayer,  
And Heavenly hope—which shall be hushed no more !

And love and faith, both born in Heaven above,  
Both shed from His sweet Presence—now so near !  
And joy unfathomèd, without one fear,  
Whose restful whispering Angels know and love.

O joy so passionless ! O faith so sure !  
O love so earnest ! make us full of Thee,  
Ye flowers of meekness and humility  
Which bear such blessed fruit ! Holy and pure

May our hearts be, for Christ's sake, in His sight ;  
And in His strength, all strong and fresh, and  
free  
From that great load of their iniquity,  
To go back safe and fearless to the fight.

O blessed peace of God's forgiveness ! rest  
Upon the weary soul ! Keep us from harm  
In Thy sweet strength ; and like a mighty arm,  
Hold us in safety to the Saviour's Breast.

Grant us, O God, this absolute release,  
That we to our unquiet world may take  
Its love and blessing, for our Lord's dear sake,  
As shield against its sin ! Grant us Thy peace.



*THE ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER.*

ESU! hear us, we implore—  
Thou whom Angel hosts adore;  
Hear and bless us evermore!

Saviour, Whom we cannot see,  
Standing—O so watchfully!—  
Listen when we cry to Thee!

In the time of earthly wealth,  
Time of sunshine and of health,  
Guard us from the Tempter's stealth!

Guard us from idolatry,  
Lest our love be weaned from Thee—  
Guard us everlastingly.

May the hour of grief and pain  
Shadow not our soul in vain;  
Thou dost every cross ordain.

Thou didst bear it, Holy One!  
Thou, the everlasting Son!  
Lo, in sweet communion,

Faithful followers to be,  
We would drink the cup with Thee  
Of our deepest agony.

Should the evil presence lower  
In some dark and trying hour,  
Shield us from its awful power.

Should he come in guise of light,  
Like an Angel, fair and bright,  
Or in robes of blackest night,

Let Thy Presence too be nigh,  
Breathing its sweet sanctity—  
Hear us—help us when we cry.

And when sin has brought its stain  
O'er our souls' new life again,  
Call us to Thee—not in vain!

Plead for us before the Throne  
With that pitying, tender tone  
Which is Thine, and Thine alone.

In the solemn hour—the last—  
When the shadow falleth fast,  
And the daytime all is past,—

Little day, so full of clouds!—  
When the fear and anguish shrouds  
In its darkness awe-struck crowds,

Come and take us back to Thee,  
Gently, fondly, lovingly—  
Thine to be eternally.

Jesu! Jesu! watching there,  
Watching with such anxious care,  
Listening to our feeble prayer,

With Thy nearest Presence bless,  
Pour on us Thy holiness—  
Heaven's unuttered blessedness.



*THE PREFACE.*

URELY a light from Heaven  
Is falling here !  
Glimmering through the golden bars  
that stand  
Between our earth and that celestial land !  
And echoes of the saintly choral band  
Are floating near.

That shining gate we seem  
To see above,  
With all its dazzling jewels gleaming bright !  
On that side are the Angels, clothed in white,  
The saints and martyrs, with their crown of light,  
And life, and love.

They stand, a glorious host—  
Ah ! who may know  
The countless number of the blessed throng,  
Who dwell with God His holy hills among ?  
Or who may hear the everlasting song  
They utter now ?

Yet, in the twilight, we  
Look up in prayer,  
And strive to pierce through shadows, dark and  
grey,  
To that sweet land which is so far away,  
To feel the holy light—which makes the day  
So perfect there.

Ah, yes ! and when we strive,  
We dimly see  
The glory breaking through the golden door !  
We dimly hear how Angel hosts adore—  
They who are with the Father evermore—  
Where we would be.

And then the sweet refrain  
Goes up above  
From out this shadowy land ! We too must try  
To sing our praises to the Lord most high,  
Who reigneth in His peerless majesty—  
For His great love.

O Lord of heaven and earth !—  
Thou One in Three—  
Throned in such awful glory, power, and might,  
Whose love and pity is so infinite !  
• Stretching our hands out fondly to the light,  
We worship Thee.

Spirit, so sweet and pure,  
Seal of our peace ;  
And Thou, O Saviour, Christ, the Holy Son—  
Who art with Both in Heaven for ever One—  
Grant that this anthem, feebly though begun,  
No more may cease.

Bear it through solemn aisles,  
Ye saintly throng  
Of Angels and Archangels, bright and fair !  
To the high Altar of the Temple there—  
And our High Priest shall hear the chanted prayer,  
And love the song.

Joined with your holy hymn  
Our souls would rise !  
With all the righteous spirits gone before,  
Martyrs and saints, who dwell for evermore,  
In joy and peace, upon the radiant shore  
Of Paradise.





*THE PRAYER.*

"That we may evermore dwell in Him, and He in us."



OOD of Heaven ! Feast of Angels !  
On this holy Altar spread !  
Symbol of the life immortal,  
In our sight unfathomèd.

Love celestial ! Hope undying !  
Only to our Faith revealed ;  
Light—whose mystery we know not !  
Truth—which lips Divine have sealed.

Shadow of the Holy Presence,  
Shining through the veil of mist  
Earth has drawn with trembling fingers  
O'er the blessed Eucharist !

Gate of the Eternal City,  
Where the Angel-echoes ring—  
Where the Mediator standeth  
With His smile of welcoming.

Gate, whose golden bars are shadowed !—  
Gate, which He has opened wide  
For the faithful, weary-hearted,  
Whom His grace has sanctified.

Fetters of our sin and weakness  
Hang on us so heavily,  
Dragging back each feeble footstep—  
We can never get to Thee !

But we cry from out the darkness,  
And the great Deliverer hears—  
Sees the helpless hands imploring,  
And the heart o'ercharged with tears.

And He stands in light and glory,  
Patiently disburdening :  
Strength Divine, and peace, and blessing,  
On the captive soul to bring.

And the promise stands for ever,  
That each faithful one shall be  
Guarded by His grace and power,  
By His love, eternally.

For its blessed, true fulfilment,  
We have dared to come to-day,  
Through His Name, O holy Father,  
Pardon, life, and love to pray.

Once the gift was freely offered ;  
Now may we its blessing take—  
Drink the Chalice of salvation,  
Eat the Bread that Jesus brake !

*THE PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.*

"Do this in remembrance of Me."



DARK hill, with clouds encompassèd—  
A tall Cross upon its naked brow—  
And on it a Form in anguish dying—  
The one Altar that we see here  
now.

And the crimson blood-drops falling, falling,  
From the Hands and Feet all roughly  
torn—  
From the sacred Head, so meekly lowered,  
With its cruel coronet of thorn.

Falling, falling, stream of peace eternal !  
Washing out the old, old sin at last !  
Telling that the gate of life is opened—  
That the awful power of death is past !

Flowing, flowing, pure celestial river,  
Over all this hot and thirsty earth—  
Over all the blighted land of Eden,  
Giving it a new and glorious birth.

Kneel we humbly now upon the margin,  
Longing wildly to stoop down and drink !  
Longing for the life—the life immortal !—  
Just to taste it at the crimson brink !

And we clasp our hands in mute appealing,  
While our soul is thrilling with a prayer—  
Father ! of Thy “tender mercy” hear us—  
And Thy pardon to each heart declare.

Grant that we may deeply drink, and gladly ;  
Grant that Christ His image may restore  
In its light and purity within us—  
That the holy strength may wane no more.

May we live with Him, His life possessing,  
In the grace and peace of Heaven above !—  
Keep enshrined in faithful love for ever  
This sweet memory of His mighty love.

*ON THE ALTAR STEP.*

"All meekly kneeling."



ESU, great Redeemer !  
Source of life Divine !  
In our souls for ever  
Grant the light to shine !  
Light of peace eternal,  
Prince of peace, restore !  
Light of life immortal,  
Shine for evermore.

Bread for sinners broken—  
Bread of life indeed !  
Manna for the hungry,  
In their sorest need :  
Pledge of our salvation,  
How we thirst for Thee !—  
Cup of Heavenly blessing,  
Wine of charity !

Thou, O holy Saviour,  
Come and enter in—  
Cleanse away the impress  
Of our dreadful sin !  
Make us pure, we pray Thee,  
Thou who art so pure !  
And O let Thy likeness  
In our heart endure.

Spirit—Holy Spirit !  
Aid us with Thy love ;  
Give Thy gentle Presence,  
Ever-blessed Dove !  
Father, O receive us  
Now, for Jesus' sake,  
And our feeble worship  
Condescend to take !



*THE LORD'S PRAYER.*

ORD, be the veil undrawn that separates  
Our life from Thine,  
That this sweet sun of Heavenly love  
and grace  
May freely shine !  
O breathe upon the mists of unbelief—  
The clouds of sin—  
That they may vanish from our hearts, and light  
May enter in.

Bring us, in thought, and word, and deed, more  
near—  
More close to Thee !  
And let our worship in Thy presence, Lord,  
Be pure and free !  
For Christ's dear sake, all love and faith divine  
Do Thou restore ;  
And grant that night and darkness in our souls  
May brood no more.

What He has taught us, by His word and life,  
That may we do ;  
And follow Him through all the narrow way,  
As children true.  
For He has given us in this sacred Feast  
The needful strength—  
The strength to dare and suffer, and to win  
His crown at length.

O Thou who hast renewed Thy blessed life  
In us to-day,  
Thou knowest all our weak and tremulous love—  
Guard it, we pray !  
Send us Thy Spirit sweet, that Heavenly light  
Each soul may fill—  
That each and all may strive to learn, and know,  
And do Thy will !

O love of Jesus, kindle love for aye  
Within that shrine,  
Which at the Font was cleansed and sanctified,  
To be but Thine !  
O Triune God, Thou givest all we need—  
So grant that we  
Give back, in daily work and love, our heart  
And life to Thee !



*THE PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.*

TILL within the Temple kneeling—  
Kneeling near the golden door,  
Where the sun of life immortal  
Streameth downward evermore.

We have turned our faces eastward,  
To the mystic Altar there,  
And our feeble voices mingle  
In one common note of prayer.

O we ask Thee, holy Father,  
To fulfil us with Thy grace,  
That we take all strength and blessing  
From this Church—Thy dwelling-place !  
That we may, as stars of Heaven,  
In a world of darkness shine—  
That we bear a true reflection  
Of that glorious love of Thine.

By our Lord's most awful Passion,  
By His Cross of bitter pain,  
Which He suffered—O so meekly !—  
Our lost birthright to regain ;

Stretch Thy Hands of benediction  
O'er each weary, tempted life ;  
Clothe it now in Thy strong armour,  
'Gainst the terrors of the strife.

By His blood, O cleanse and pardon  
Us, and all the Church below ;  
Every soul It has redeemèd  
Let It make as white as snow.  
May the grace of Thy sweet Spirit  
As the dew of morning fall—  
As the gentle rain of evening—  
Bringing holy strength to all.

Thus, O Lord, both now and ever,  
We would offer unto Thee  
Service of our soul and body,  
Pure and loving, full and free.  
O receive us and accept us,  
For the blessed sake of Christ,  
Who has breathed His life upon us  
In the holy Eucharist.



*"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."*

NOT with lips only, and with folded hands,  
Or prayerful eyes here fondly lifted  
up ;  
Or when alone we drink this precious  
cup—

To pay the homage which that love demands.

Not only in this Church, so calm and dim,  
Where all the hues of peace and rest divine,  
Like those fair windows, in the sunbeams shine,  
To breathe the incense of our praise to Him.

Not only when the thrilling organ-notes  
Whisper of Heaven so sweet and solemnly ;  
Not when the eager echoes faintly die,  
And when the hymn adoring upward floats ;

When all the heart is full, and eyes are wet,  
And hot hands trembling with excess of joy,  
Such as the after-toil can scarce destroy—  
Which none who taste can ever quite forget.

Not only then—that fleeting, precious hour ;  
Not only thus—with tremulous lips, and eyes  
So glowing with unearthly ecstasies—  
To praise the King in all His love and power !—

But in the daily common work and strife,  
In times of joy or sorrow, ease or pain,  
We pray that Thou mayst never love in vain,  
That we may love Thee with our heart and life.

That we may praise Thee in each word and deed,  
And honour Thee even in our lightest thought ;  
May foster a pure faith and love, that nought  
Of all things earth-born shall for strength exceed.

Ever till death, to strive how we may best  
That sacrifice of Thine, O God, repay !  
Following Thy footsteps humbly all the way,  
Until we lie down in our grave to rest.

To stand in Heaven at last—that golden land—  
The fair new Kingdom which those souls shall see  
Who true and loyal have always been to Thee—  
And worship evermore at Thy right Hand !



*THE BLESSING.*

"The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son,  
and the Holy Ghost."



AY it rest upon us ever—in the world  
so dark and dreary,  
With its restless strife and fever,  
and its deadly curse of sin ;

Where the souls that wage the battle of this life are  
often weary—

O so weary for the night-time, when the other  
may begin !

May it rest upon us ever—like the dew of early  
morning,

Gently washing off the traces where the day's hot  
hands have been ;

Or that golden breadth of sunlight, all the wakened  
earth adorning,

Making hill and vale so radiant in its own celes-  
tial sheen.

May it rest upon us ever—in its love and peace and  
fulness ;

Like the shielding wings of Angels, fondly  
spreading round us all—

Wings that never flee in battle, nor can droop for  
pain and sadness—

Which, so long as we keep near them, will not—  
cannot fail or fall !

May it rest upon us truly—this most sweet and  
precious blessing !

May it rest in all its gladness on the weary hearts  
below ;

Strengthening all our feeble effort—life and soul for  
aye possessing—

Gladdening weary hearts, and gently soothing  
every aching brow.

In the day of wealth and honour, lest the glitter-  
ing world should borrow

That which is Thy Blood-bought treasure, and  
forget to pay again :

In the common work and trial, and the time of  
passionate sorrow,

Lest the yoke so light and easy should be given  
us in vain.

In the dread and solemn evening, when the day of  
strife is waning,  
And the darkness shadows deeply all the feeble,  
flickering breath ;  
When the white lips, in their anguish, the last  
drops of life are draining,  
And the delicate cup is broken in the silent grasp  
of death.

In all life—in death—for ever—may we bear this  
Benediction  
Which Thy lips, O God Almighty, breathe upon  
us, we implore !  
In the sun of earthly gladness, or the shadows of  
affliction,  
May we feel and know Thy Presence, and Thy  
blessing evermore.





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